

S O N G.
TUNE, "THE DUSKY NIGHT."

BY A LADY.

COME rouse my lads in freedom's cause,
With hearty zeal and glee,
For Russell claims your just applause,
He'll set your country free,
He'll set your country free.

C H O R U S.

Then a voting let us go,
Then a voting let us go,
Then a voting let us go,
Then a voting let us go.

Let Jervoise, too your rights support,
From placemen and proud knaves;
Who'd sell their country for the court,
And turn you all to slaves,
And turn you all to slaves.

Then a voting we will go,
Then a voting we will go,
Then a voting we will go,
Then a voting we will go.

No Heathcote then shall find a vote,
In Hampshire's glorious cause,
And then perhaps he'll change his note,
And yield to freedom's laws,
And yield to freedom's laws.

Then for freedom let us vote,
Then for freedom let us vote,
Then for freedom let us vote,
Then for freedom let us vote.

Of no proud tyrant make your choice,
But Cheater keep in view,
No Hursley man will give his voice,
For reasons they may rue,
For reasons they may rue.

'Gainst Tyrants they will Vote,
'Gainst Tyrants they will Vote,
'Gainst Tyrants they will Vote,
'Gainst Tyrants they will Vote.

But as to fawning Master CHUTE,
Who's merit none can see;
He has no chance beyond dispute,
For who the Devil's he!
For who the Devil's he!

Then the Pittites let him join,
Then the Pittites let him join,
Then the Pittites let him join,
Then the Pittites let him join.

Then come my Lads be firm and strive,
Since RUSSELL's all our own:
JERVOISE will former times revive.

With him before we've won,
With him before we've won.

Then a Polling we will go,
Then a Polling we will go,
Then a Polling we will go,
Then a Polling we will go.